

trying desperately. "Come, my General! Come, everybody! Can't you see we've just got to finish that minuet? Gentlemen—Gentlemen of the Old Guard that never dies or surrenders, get you partners! The Minuet! The Minuet!"

"*De la cœur!*" supplied the General. "Partners and chapeaux! We finish tonight the dance begun fifty years ago!" Then to Miriam, "But can these musicians play the minuet?"

"Little Aunt's music book!" she cried, and rushed away to the library.

She came back with an ancient volume. The musicians smiled over it and nodded among themselves,—

flute, bass viol, violin, and harp. Yes, they could play the *menuet de la cœur!*

"Now, General! Now, Gentlemen! Come, my General!"

"But—your partner—"

"Allow me, Miss Miriam," said Colonel Willoughby, with his courtly bow, taking her hand and placing it on his sleeve. "You were dancing with me, you remember, when we were so rudely interrupted—while ago!"

Miriam laughed her delight. "Why, certainly! *Allons, mes enfants!* Find you partners! Intelle, I intrust you to my General! Be careful with him: he is timid and may flee you for the shrubbery. Come, Colonel! The naughty soldiers are gone! On with the dance—

let joy be unconfined—and—and all the rest of it!"

And so the strains of the minuet, the quaint, almost grave melody, heard there for the first time by the young generation, filled the long room. The old men with stately courtesy, lifting high the little hands in theirs, led their partners through the figures and bowed low with hats pressed to hearts. And the young men, perceiving that it was a species of one-step tango to slow music, mastered the scheme of it all and acquitted themselves like veterans of the sword and doublet.

But the minuet was never to be finished. The strains of the famous air floated farther than the ballroom. It

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# AND MARY MARRIED

Drawings by John R. Neill

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

**B**UT if she did, 'twas Terry O'Hara was to thank for it,—Terry O'Hara, the royalet vagabond that Ireland ever was guilty of,—Terry, whose heart was always as light as a lark and as high as the Himalay' Mountains, for all he was as poor as the sheep in springtime, him owning as much land as stuck to his brogans, and as much money as carried him to the morrow.

At the bottom of her distress Mary Lonergan was, when Terry, driven by God's goodness,—though the rapscallion was mostly driven by the devil,—landed at the Battery, brisk and bright from the green hills of old Ireland. And it was in Mrs. O'Grady's on Greenwich street that he learnt the sorry quandary poor Mary Lonergan was in.

When Terry, followin' his nose and the directions of a policeman from home, walked into Bridget O'Grady's, the creature, in her consternation, smashed into smithereens the bottle of coffee she had just ready for her man Danny's lunch, who, with his little pony (the household's support), was cleaning out a cellar on Bethune street.

"Under the blue roof o' Heaven this day!" Bridget said. "If Kitty O'Hara's son, Terry from Donegal, hasn't yet met the hangman's hands, this is him—or his ghost!"

"It's him, Mrs. O'Grady," Terry said, settling himself in the aisy chair, that the widow had got a dead bargain from Nellie Moran when she broke up her boardin' house on Houston street to go livin' out again. "It's him, Mrs. O'Grady, and mortal obliged to you for the bokay—and come to Amerikay because he heard you had no hangman here."

"Well! Well! Well! Well!" says Mrs. O'Grady, wringin' Terry's two hands as if she'd draw them from the sockets. "When I knew you, the height of a cob-

bler's headstick, before Ireland left me, eyes fifteen years ago, you were as full of tricks as an egg's full o' meat—and the whole world and half o' Donegal said you'd never have the good luck to die by drownin'. The cockles o' the heart it 'ud warn to see even a sparrow from home, let alone the child of Kitty O'Hara. You'll not hudge from the seat you're in, Terry, till you've rehearsed me the history, up till yest' day, of every sinner I left behind me—with me heart—in Donegal!"

But Mrs. O'Grady, always the generous creature who gave better than she got, enlightened Terry, between his histories, of the well doin', and ill doin', of every creature from home who had bed or burrow on Manhattan or within a hundred mile of it—while her man Danny, as hungry as a hawker, was dhraggin' the time in the Bethune street cellar, prayin' for his lunch and cursin' for it.

**B**UT, M-Mary Lonergan," says Terry, with a triffin' hesitation that Mrs. O'Grady never observed by reason her tongue rattled so fast, "how's she doin' since she come to Amerikay?" "Och! is it Mary?" says Mrs. O'Grady, drawin' a mortal long breath. "Don't mention that poor girl. She's a thragedy!"

"What do you mean?" says Terry in alarm.

"Nobbut ask me what don't I mean," says Mrs. O'Grady. "When Mary's poor mother (may the Heavens this day be her bed!) closed her eyes here, in the land of the black stranger, where she'd come seekin' her share of her Philadelphia uncle's will, as you know—"

"I know," says Terry.

"—and was put away in a lonely cowl graveyard three years ago, 'twas a sore blow enough to poor Mary, then far from her in Ireland—"

"I know it," says Terry, shaking his head. "I know it."

"But," says Mrs. O'Grady, "that blow which Mary got over (as the young heart will), was light in comparison with what she's sufferin' now."

"A deadly disaise?" says Terry.

"Deadly, yes," says Mrs. O'Grady. "She's in love."

"Phew-w-w!" says Terry. And then he added, "That's a disaise that a man with a crowbar couldn't fend the girls from, when they take the notion."

"Ay, but," says Mrs. O'Grady, "tisn't bein' head over heels in love alone that's Mary's thragedy. But it is that though both Mary and the daicent boy she lost her heart to are fadin' on their feet for love of one another, they must separate without marryin'. Ochon! And it's die or break her heart poor Mary'll do."

And then she told Terry how when Mary's mother was drawin' her dyin' breath here three thousand miles from her child Mary, her one disthress was what would befall her chil', who was as young and innocent as she was winsome, and might spoil her life by makin' a foolish match.

But Mary's old aunt, Una Carrigan, who owned a little candy store on King street, offered that Mary wouldn't marry any man she, Mrs. Carrigan, didn't heartily approve of. And Mary's mother had said:

"How can you know to approve, and you three thousand miles from the girl?"

And Mrs. Carrigan had made her answer, "My promise before Heaven I give the dyin' woman in the land o' the stranger, that till I've stood on Ireland's green ground again, and seen for myself the man who wants to marry Mary, and found him worthy of her, my consent to her marryin' I'll never give."

"And as my dyin' request," says Mary's mother, "I put it on my child not to marry without your consent." And turnin' over on her side then, Mary's mother went joyfully to God.

**A**ND that, Terry," says Mrs. O'Grady, when she got so far in her narration, "that was where the trouble begun. Mrs. Carrigan, havin' no child of her own, sent



"Remember, Danny," says Terry, "you're sworn to secrecy."

for Mary to come to Amerikay six years after, when she was gettin' to be a young woman—"

"And," says Terry half to himself, "one o' the partiest daisies that ever looked to the skies from the green sod of Ireland."

"Brought her over here," Mrs. O'Grady went on, "to keep her company in the ould age which was now settlin' between her shoulders, and to heir her money. And Mary quickly got the name of the Irish Bluebell, on Greenwich street. And 'twould take you a mid-summer's day to shake a stick at all the fine young fellows from fifty blocks on every side that were tumblin' in love with her."

"I'll warrant yet!" says Terry.

"But," says Mrs. O'Grady, "though Mary was courteous and kind to every soul of them—"

"The same girl couldn't be otherwise if she tried," says Terry.

"—she gave little thought to any, till Martin O'Doran came along,—a clane fellow and clever as ever was born in or out of Ireland, and as handsome as he was clever, a young engineer with big things afore him. And desperately they both fell in love with each other, and in two months' time Mary had consented to marry Martin. And there was the thragedy!"

"Though there wasn't a boy in Amerikay, from the President's own son down, that Una Carrigan would put before Martin, she recollected her solemn promise to Mary's mother not to give her consent to Mary's marryin' till she'd be standin' on Ireland's green ground again. And though even Father McGinn tried hard to insense her that the words were now a dead letter by consequence of Mary bein' right here, and the man likewise, Mrs. Carrigan wouldn't get the better of her scruples. Martin, poor boy, 'ud gladly have taken the whole caravansary o' them to Ireland; but Una had got so frail with age that the doctor warned them she was in danger of turnin' up her toes the first pitchin' she'd get on the ocean. And Mary would sooner sacrifice all her happiness than risk the life of her poor aunt, or than marry without her aunt's consent. With the good care Mary gives her, Una may hold her grip on the skirts o' life for maybe twenty years yet. And poor Mary and Martin, with all the world and most o' Greenwich street pityin' them, must pine. And Mary's death I'm afraid it'll be. They both consider it easier to be apart, and consequently Martin's leavin' next week for a job in South America. A dance, more be-



"The Irish Bluebell on Greenwich street."

token, the neighbors are givin' him in the Parish Hall, two doors from Mrs. Carrigan's own house, the night afore he goes. Isn't it a lamentable case, Terry?"

And says Terry back to her, "And do you mean to tell me that with the full of a city o' people with heads on them—of a sort—not a sinner among ye is able to help Mary and Martin? Bad wind to the townful o' ye," says Terry, "if New York, that's never tired braggin' the cleverest men the sun shines on, needs either an archangel or a poor bog trotter from Ireland—like meself—to taich them to lift a bush out of a gap!"

Says Mrs. O'Grady, "Glory be, Terry! If there's a mortal walkin' the worl' this day could invint a way out, 'tis your vagabond self. Do ye know a way, Terry a *chroidhe*?"

"I'll be back here th' morra evenin', with Heaven's help, to see your good man Danny," was the mysterious answer Terry gave her. "Goodbye, Mrs. O'Grady."

AND sure enough me brave Terry, as good as his word, was on the ground next evenin', when Danny was just wipin' his mouth and thankin' the Lord and his wife Sheila for the good dinner they had provided him.

"It does me eyes good to see ye, Terry O'Hara. How's every rib in your body?" was Danny's kindly greetin'.

"Thank ye, Danny," says Terry. "The devil's al-ways good to his own. I'm as healthy as a trout in Lough Eask, and as happy. How's your own four bones?"

"Och! Where's the good complainin'?" replies Danny. "When the little pony, who keeps the bite in our mouth and the roof over us, is well, we're all well."

"There's a favor I want from ye, Danny," says Terry. "Can I have a private word in your ear?"

"Ye can—two if you like. Meself's neither Prince nor President, and any favor I can do ye I'll surely do—short o' divorcin' Bridget. Will ye mind sthrollin' round the block with me, till I make sure that the pony's happy for the night?"

And whatsoever the favor was that he asked, Terry, when he left Danny back from his sthroll, was lookin' mighty satisfied. Mrs. O'Grady called after his heels goin' off:

"Be sure ye don't miss the dance Chewsday night, Terry; for everyone who ever left home will be there, barrin' only them that are in Calvary Cimit'ry (God rest them!)."

"Ma'am," says Terry, "if I miss it, I'm in Calvary too. Frolic or fight, Terry O'Hara is the first man in and the last out."

AND 'twas so. Terry was among the first spirits footin' it on the floor. And as Mrs. O'Grady had predicted, ye'd think there weren't a dozen ever left Donegal, from the child to the cripple, but was there. Even Father McGinn himself didn't forget to look in now and again to see that his people were happy. Old Una Carrigan was *ockstered* in between Mary and Martin O'Dornan; and the fiddles, playin' "The Boys o' Kil-kenny," got first into her head, and next into her heels, till it took Mary and Martin, all they could, to hold the old lady from takin' the floor and dancin' a jig herself. And doleful and downhearted as Mary and Martin were, they could hardly help smilin' at the undaunted spirit of her. And the packed house gave her a rousin' cheer.

"More power to ye, Ma'am!" shouts Terry O'Hara. "And may ye live till your shinbone'll redd a pipe! 'Tis the young heart ye have!"

'Twas the pleased and surprised woman was Mary Lonergan, to see Terry, whose comin' to America she hadn't till now even heard of.

"Well! Well! Well!" says Mary, wringin' her hands. "And to think that 'tis here I'd meet ye, Terry! I'll hold ye don't remember our last meetin', and where it was."

"Let me see—" says Terry, lookin' at the ballroom ceilin', and scratchin' his head.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Terry, turnin' to Martin. "That's you men all the worse! Breakin' our hearts as aisy as you would cane sticks—and as aisy forgettin' it! The last time I saw ye, Terry, 'twas the night of Nabla O'Friel's weddin', when you walked me home through the Thrush's Glen, in the loveliest, sweetest moonlight night that the Lord ever shook from His hand. Now do ye mind it?"

"To be sure I mind it," says Terry, movin'ly. "If a moidhered fellow gets mixed in his misery for a minute in your prisence, Mary, who's to blame?"

"Hear to the rascal!" says Mary, turnin' to Martin. "I was one of his three hundred and sixty-five girls—and the villain even hasn't the memory of it."

"Ye were the one, Mary a *gradh*," says Terry, with that look of his that never failed to gather the girls' hearts, and at the same time twinklin' the tail of his other eye upon Martin, who was enjoyin' the masin' of Mary.

Says Mary to Martin, with a twinkle, "I was the girl, Martin, and so was every soul of the other three hundred and sixty-four. We each knew it, says she. 'We had Terry's word for it.'

SINCE they bade goodbye to the Hill, there had been a rarer sight. And when 'twas at its height Danny O'Grady, in his workin' clothes appeared at the door callin' for Terry O'Hara and some other able-bodied men to help him fetch in somethin' that he said would lift the heads of every soul present, and take ten years off their shoulders to see.

And Terry then explained to the gathered gatherin' that Danay was bringin' them a barrel of sods from the side o' Dhrimore Hill at home, fetched all the way to Amerikay to oblige Johnny McDermott, the head o' the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Scranton, where they were wanted for a fair that should raise money for the Manchester Martyrs' Monument. "I knew," says Terry, "that 'twould be the treat o' your lives to set the soles o' your feet again upon a bit of home soil (may the kind Lord forever bless it!)."

And that houseful cheered till the walls cracked; and the same cheer neither ceased nor lessened, while the sods were comin' in, and bein' set down on a beautiful square upon the floor's middle. And needed every strong young fellow in the room to hold the crowd from tryin' to put three hundred feet on a square yard o' sod all together. "Hold back with yous," says Terry, "or I'll make mush of someone's skull with this straw! By rights," he said, "the honor and privilege of first standin' on them should fall to the venerable yourself, Mrs. Carrigan."

And with a shout the gathering agreed. Breathless with excitement, and her heart thumpin' in her ribs like a drumstick, Una Carrigan was helped up to the green ground—and the instant she was on it she straightened like a sojer, threw back her head, and drew a long breath, while the color that had gone out of her cheeks a generation ago begun coursing like a flood and hure over her wrinkled countenance again.

"Och! Och!" she said. "Och! Och!" for want of speech to express herself. Then she drew another long breath, same as she might if she found herself standin' on the ridge of Dhrimore Hill, and the eye of a youngster, like the eye of a youngster. "Boys! Boys!" she said. "Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it glor'ous? There's—och such a feelin' shoots all through every inch o' ye—och, och, och!—the instant your foot touches the bliss'd sod!" Och! Och! If you were to tramp this sod in Chinay, a dead man could tell it was a sod of ould Ireland. Glory be! I'll die happy after this night. Terry, Terry O'Hara, do you know where on the Hill of Dhrimore this was cut?"

"In the southernmost corner of Eddie McGinn's Fairy

Park," says Terry without battin' an eye. "Maybe ye mind the spot, Ma'am."

"Is it mind it?" says Una. "If you handed me the Book this minute, I'd swear it was only yesterday I was cuttin' corn there! Yet that must be all of two score years and ten ago. Mind it? Eddie Quinn's Fairy Park! 'Tis it, sure enough, I'm standin' on. Don't I see Glendrisog away below me there, and hear the burn flowin' through the hazel scrug, and the blackbird callin' from the one thorn bush at the field's foot? And the Fairy Fort with the bees hummin' in it, just behind me! And the larks over Andy Meehan's corn, there beyond the mearin'! I'm in it! If you'd thry to hide from me the spot where these sods were dug, I could've told ye they were from Eddie's Fairy Park! Och! Mary! Mary mo *chroidhe*! get up here, get up here, till ye find for yourself! Och! Och! Och! Now I'll die happy!"

"Take your time, Mrs. Carrigan!" says Terry, all breathless. "Take your time! Thanks be to the Lord who has put a bliss'd iday into me skull. Now that you're standin' on Ireland's holy ground, ye can fulfil your vow. Don't you think that before ye leave ould Ireland again you'd better aise the hearts of Mary Lonergan and Martin O'Dornan, by puttin' your blessin' and God's upon their marryin'?"

There wasn't a soul in the hall that you couldn't knock down with a straw, they were so thunderstruck all of a heap. It's dumfounded for the minute were Mary and Martin. And, only two men grabbed her, Una herself would have fallen over with astoundment.

Father McGinn, who'd strolled in on that instant, seemed the only man, with Terry, who'd kept his cool sines. "Mrs. Carrigan," says he, "if you were as scrup'lous as the angels, your scruples would now have to fly away. Give the childer your blessin' on Ireland's ground; and if Martin only puts off his journey for two days, I'll add my blessin' to it too."

"And may God bless them! And bliss Terry O'Hara too!" says Mrs. Bridget O'Grady, gittin' back her speech.

And Mrs. Carrigan in a tremblin' kind of whisper—for fear to maybe waken herself from a dream—called to her Mary and Martin, who were both of them so dazed that 'twas their friends had to shove them into their places and hold them side by side, while Una in a voice that was shakin' with both fear and joy said the words that set them free to belong to each other forever.

'T'WAS in the Parish Hall likewise the weddin' dance was held. And though the bride and groom were the purtiest pair Greenwich street had seen in seven years, it wasn't they, but old Una Carrigan and Terry O'Hara, who were the hairios o' the night. Though Terry (I'll say it for him) took it mighty modest.

And after Terry'd danced, joked, and courted half the good-lookin' girls in the gatherin', Danny O'Grady, gettin' him in a quiet corner, complained:

"Terry, I hope ye haven't put me into mortal sin; but me conscience is a bit onaisy over the desavin' act myself and me little pony has helped in."

"Danny," says Terry, slappin' him on the shoulder a hearty slap, "that was the blissest bit of desait ye've ever done in your life. For it Saint Peter has wiped clean for you a purty full slate."

"I don't care," says Danny doggedly. "If you ever again want Danny O'Grady to work such a trick on a helpless ould woman, he'll go to Irelan' all the way afore he'll cart a barrel o' green lies to ye from Flatbush. But will ye tell me, Terry, why did you do such a thing for Mary, anyhow?"

"Whisht, Danay! Whisht, Danny!" says Terry. "Remember you're sworn to secrecy. Danny O'Grady," says Terry, layin' a hand on his shoulder, but downcastin' his eyes at the same time, "ten thousand times as much I'd do for her. 'Tis many's the girl I've ever courted, but Mary was the only one I ever loved."



"Boys! Boys! Isn't it wonderful? There's such a feelin' shoots through every inch o' ye the instant your foot touches the bliss'd sod!"